

Northern Messenger

Rates Inside

MONTREAL, MAY 31, 1940.

77th Year.

Secret Service Man of Troy

By Robert Harding

(All rights reserved, published by special arrangement.)

LONG drawn out was the siege of Troy, and it seemed that Menelaus would never regain his beautiful wife Helen. But Odysseus, the man of brains and strategy, achieved by his cunning what the warriors had failed to accomplish by force of arms. He, the thinker, was the real hero of the Trojan war.

Fairest'? Well, Paris judged Venus the fairest, over Hera and Athene; and in reward of such favor Venus promised that he should marry the loveliest woman in the world. Who lovelier than Helen, thy wife and the sister of Castor and Pollux?"

"I sought to wed her myself," declared Ajax; "many of us did, in fact. Have we forgotten, comrades, how her father made us swear to be loyal friends of the one whom he should choose to marry Helen, and defend him and her, if ever they were wronged? Let's be true to our oath and avenge this dishonor done to Menelaus and to all Greece!"

"So say I," responded Odysseus, a short man with the blue eyes and fair

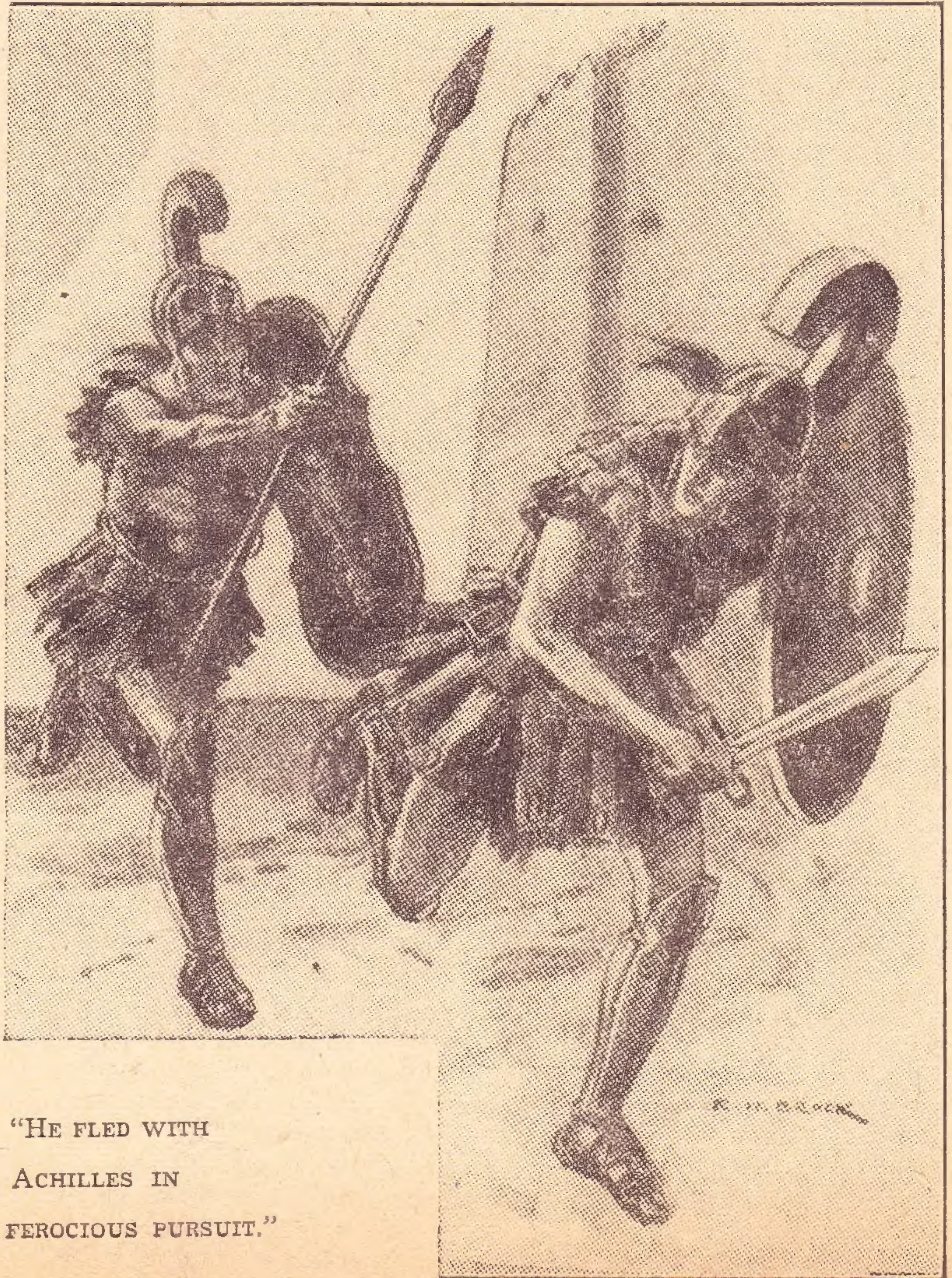
NEARLY three thousand years ago long before the Battle of Marathon, before Rome was heard of, in the far, far past days of the Greek heroes—a cry was heard throughout all Greece: "Who will avenge this dishonor done to me and to all Greece? Who will come with me to raze Ilium's walls to the ground?"

It was the cry of Menelaus, whose wife Helen had been stolen by Paris, a son of King Priam of Troy; and the call was answered by Agamemnon his brother, Ajax, Diomedes, Odysseus, Nestor, and many another Grecian prince. They were not going to stand for that sort of thing.

"But how did it happen?" inquired his brother.

"Priam of Troy sent Paris to me as an ambassador," the Spartan king replied. "One day I was invited to go hunting in a distant part of my country. When I returned Paris and my wife were gone!"

"Such is the decree of the gods," said the aged Nestor, in the great Spartan palace, where they all foregathered. "Thou hast heard of the Apple of Discord, on which was written 'For the



"HE FLED WITH
ACHILLES IN
FEROCIOUS PURSUIT."

hair of a sailor, who, although he bore no comparison with the stalwart forms of the others, yet instantly received attention.

"Speak on, Prince of Ithaca," they urged. "Something more than a mere whim would bring thee away from thine island-kingdom, make thee leave thy young Penelope and infant son Telemachus. Besides, thou knowest the land of Troas."

"Aye; that I do! The walled city blocks the road across that country; and many a time, because of that difficult rocky shore, have my merchants wished to unload their wares and go overland. But so heavy is the toll to be paid to Priam that many a time I have hoped to pick a quarrel and thus have just cause to sack the stumbling-block of a city and raze it to the ground!"

* * *

"AND now we have a cause!" cried the princes in one voice.

"Aye but the Trojans are a mighty people, and are led by a valiant champion. Hector, Priam's eldest son, is a match in all arts in single combat for any of us. Yea: even more skilful than thou, Ajax! Only one man is mightier than he."

"Thou meanest Achilles, the proud, stormy-spirited Prince of Thessaly?" said Nestor. "The gods have said that Troy cannot be taken unless Achilles should fight for Greece. If he fights at Troy he will win much glory and die in his youth. Accordingly his mother—as mothers will—hid the boy away in Scyros, where he still is."

"And disguised as a girl!" put in Diomedes contemptuously.

"'Tis not his fault that he is brought up with the Prince of Scyros's daughters," returned Odysseus. "Nor does he always keep the disguise. Who put the wild giants of Laestrygonia to rout last year? None but Achilles and his warrior Myrmidons. Moreover, I have visited the island of Scyros many a time; and now I will go again, to win Achilles to our cause."

* * *

THIS was said in much the same way as the secretary of the School Eleven, who intends by all possible means to get hold of an outstanding player. The Greeks determined to field their strongest team: and in the story of Troy it is Achilles and Hector who are the "star" men. But, as history had always proved, it is the man behind the scenes, the silent, resourceful, cool-headed fellow who was responsible for the ultimate victory. And that man was Odysseus.

Pretending to be a merchant, Odysseus left Graecia and came to Scyros in the middle of the Aegean Sea. He carried silken draperies and glittering jewels into the palace and set them be-

fore Lycomdes' daughters; and after a time noticed that one of them cared nothing for his wares and held aloof. Next time he brought in fine armor, spears, swords, shields, and breast-plates, and the one who had been so heedless before, now seized upon the arms and examined them with zest.

"Nay," objected Odysseus craftily. "Such things are not for maiden's hands."

"Ha! What sayest thou?" retorted the other, flushing: and seized the spear and waved it above his head as if it were a reed. "Why, mine is twice as heavy, and many a time have I slain my foe with but a single—"

But it was too late to draw back. By his own words had he committed himself. The wiles of Odysseus had bettered him; and Achilles with his great friend Patroclus and the famous warriors from Thessaly, joined the army of the Greeks.

With Agamemnon as commander-in-chief, the great host set sail across the Aegean to the north-west corner of Asia Minor, which was the land of the Phrygians; and the ten years' siege began.

PARIS AND MENELAUS

LIKE all drawn-out wars it was very wearying. Sometimes the Greeks made raids upon neighboring villages and towns, sometimes they made an assault upon Troy's formidable walls; and the Trojans in their turn strove to drive the invaders back to the sea and burn their boats. But neither side succeeded to any marked extent.

There was much of that inaction which frets the nerves of every soldier; and one day Achilles the proud quarrelled with his commander-in-chief.

Agamemnon had done Achilles some slight injustice which would have been forgiven had the king apologized. Instead of which Achilles retired to his tent and, with Patroclus, refused to take further part in the war, nor to allow his warriors to do so, until Agamemnon learnt to play the king more nobly.

Many a single combat took place, which must have been "red letter days" in that long-drawn-out siege; and the two armies always made a truce: the Trojans watching from the walls, the Greeks from their camps, while the champions fought it out on the plain between.

Paris, the abductor of Helen, trying to show a bold face—to brazen things out, as some men will when of a guilty conscience—first challenged Menelaus to single combat.

The husband of Helen and her abductor stood face to face: and although Paris was a good archer, he lacked the manly essentials of a warrior, and was soon at the mercy of the Greek.

BUT as Menelaus was about to strike the death blow, his sword snapped. Even when he seized Paris by the helmet-plume and began to drag him back to the Grecian lines, the strap of the helmet broke, and the infamous Trojan made an inglorious retreat back to the city and safety.

"See! My reward is only an empty helmet, and the faint-heart fleeth like the dog that he is!" cried the disgruntled Menelaus, flinging the helmet among his scrambling friends.

Then he fell wounded, treacherously shot at by a Trojan archer, Pandarus; and the truce thus basely broken, the armies closed with each other.

Led by Hector, the Trojans drove the Greeks to their trenches. Not even Ajax, who fought behind a mighty shield of seven ox-hides, could stem the onrush.

Seeing that Achilles had not joined the fray, Hector's men forced the Greeks back to the rampart, burst through, and soon the Greeks' ships at anchor were in danger.

"This is because Achilles, our mightiest, takes no fighting part, but stays a spectator in his tent!" growled Odysseus.

"Hector will drive us into the sea; we shall be annihilated unless the son of Thetis be roused!" rumbled the giant Ajax, leaning on his massive iron spear.

"Patch up thy quarrel with the Prince of Thessaly, O Agamemnon," counselled the wise Odysseus into the Grecian general's ear.

And because one of the ships was already afire, Agamemnon sent Ajax and Odysseus to ask the pardon of Achilles.

* * *

THE WRATH OF ACHILLES

BUT when the two Grecian commanders came to their colleague's tent, they found him still proud and obstinate.

In vain did Oysseus use his wiles and craft in speeches flattering, insinuating, and often to the point.

It was Patroclus, Achilles' great friend, who eventually roused the prince to some sort of action. Cried Patroclus, seeing the flames of the burning galley from far across the plain: "I see destruction coming upon the Greeks. We burn: not Troy! If thou thyself, O friend, will not be moved to sally forth to rescue, suffer me to go out against the foe, bearing thine arms and leading thy Myrmidons into the fray!"

And, wearing the armor of Achilles—save the spear which none other could wield—Patroclus sped forth, and with him Achilles' fierce, wolf-hearted men.

He rushed upon the Trojans as they fought "like raging fire" round the ships; and with his fresh troops drove

(Please turn to Page 5)

To Him Who Serves

By G. E. MCKEAN

JIMMY didn't know he was a philosopher. He couldn't even have spelled the word or given you a definition of it. But Jimmy was one.

Jimmy was sitting with Red, and Wilson, and Eddie, down at Taber's General Store, which was the gathering place of the clan, and a good place to gather too. For you could see the whole length of Main Street, and see who passed by.

"I wish," Red said, then sighed.

"What?" Wilson demanded. He had been wishing too. There was a bicycle on display in a hardware window across the street.

"I wish I had a pair of skates," Red said.

Wilson and Eddie laughed.

"Well I do," Red said. "I know it's spring, but all winter I wanted a pair of skates and I wish I had them for next winter."

"Well I wish I had that bike," Wilson said. He spoke as one who said "See, I'm practical. It's spring. Summer will be here. And a bike would be a great thing to have."

"And I want a sweater," Eddie said.

A sweater, and a new swimming suit."

"But what's the use of wishing?" Red said. "I wished all winter, and it didn't do me a bit of good."

"I guess it won't do me much good to wish either," Wilson confessed. Over in the window of a hardware store that bike stood, all red paint and shiny chromium. And the price tag read, "Eighteen dollars."

"Well it's fun wishing even if you don't get what you wish," Eddie said. "What do you wish for, Jimmy?"

* * *

JIMMY blinked. To tell the truth he hadn't been wishing. He had just been sitting there, thinking it was a nice day, and that Eddie and Wilson and Red were nice fellows.

"You were sitting there staring off into space," Wilson said. "You must have been wishing for something."

"Go on, tell us!" Eddie said.

Jimmy laughed. He had been looking up Main Street, and he had seen Mrs. Porter cross it, and he had been thinking Mrs. Porter was getting sort of old. "I was thinking," he said, "it must be a job for Mrs. Porter to push her lawn mower over that big lawn of hers."

"What!" Red said.

Wilson blinked.

"So you weren't wishing for a thing," Eddie asked. You would have thought from his tone of voice he was aggrieved.

"I guess not," Jimmy said.

And later the meeting broke up.

Eddie went home, and Wilson, and Red. Jimmy hesitated at the corner of Maple. He lived up the street, Mrs. Porter lived down it a ways, in a big white house.

And to that white house Jimmy finally went.

"Mrs. Porter," he said, "if you can't mow your lawn easily I'd be glad to do it for you."

"For a quarter?" Mrs. Porter asked.

"For a quarter," Jimmy said. Really he hadn't even thought of what would be a fair price. He had just thought Mrs. Porter looks older, and feebler, than she did last year. I don't see how she can push that lawnmower around.

* * *

RED said Jimmy didn't enter into the spirit of things at all. Red called their meetings wishing bees. For a fellow could wish for so many things, especially in the spring and summer.

"I'd like a tennis racquet!" Eddie said.

There were courts up the street, on which anyone could play.

"I'd like one too!" Wilson said. Then he said, in disgust, "How about you, Jimmy, don't you wish for a tennis racquet too?"

Jimmy might have, had it not been he was occupied thinking. Say, it was hot now, and there was a lot of ice cream sold. He'd bet Mr. Gordon would like to have some one deliver it.

"Don't you wish for a tennis racquet?" Wilson insisted.

"Why no, not particularly," Jimmy said.

And later he found out Mr. Gordon did want some one to deliver ice cream when people phoned in and asked for a pint or a quart. "I'll pay you five cents for every delivery you make," he said.

"That's fine!" Jimmy said. And one night he made fifty cents.

It was a week after that, that Eddie said, "Where did you get it?" to Jim, as Jimmy faced him on the tennis court and swung a wicked and a brand new racquet.

* * *

JIMMY couldn't tell Maybe it was from the money Mrs. Porter gave him for mowing her lawn, or what Mr. Gordon gave him for delivering ice cream, or what he got from Mr. Meeker who liked to have the evening mail brought up and who disliked walking down after it himself.

At any rate it was a nice racquet. Eddie tried it out, and Wilson, and Red.

And the summer went.

Fall came.

Four boys, soon to go back to school sat down by Taber's General Store. And the life of Main Street flowed on and past. There Mrs. Porter walked, for all to see. And there Mr. Gordon stood in the doorway of his drugstore.

"I wish," Wilson said, "I had a bike! Say, it's great to go out in the country when the leaves have turned and the hillsides are red!"

"And I wish I had a sweater," Eddie said. He looked at Jimmy. He looked a little enviously at Jimmy. "I wish I had a sweater," he said. "It will soon be cool, and there will be snow, and winter will be here."

"I wish I had skates!" Red said. "I wished for them last year. I do now." And Jimmy sat there.

Wilson turned to Jimmy. "Don't you ever wish?" he asked.

"Why should he," Red said. "He has skates."

And he had a new tennis racquet, and a sweater that Eddie was eyeing a little enviously. He had a wrist watch too. And . . .

"Why should he wish?" Red said. "He has everything."

"No, not everything," Jimmy said. Still, he had enough.

"But how," Red asked, "did you do it? We wished, and wished, and you didn't wish at all!"

* * *

AND then Jimmy proved he was a philosopher . . . even if he didn't know what the word meant. . . even if he couldn't spell it.

"I guess," he said, "I got these things, by not thinking of what I wanted, but by thinking of what other people wanted, or needed."

He looked at the bike on display in the hardware store's window. He had one like it.

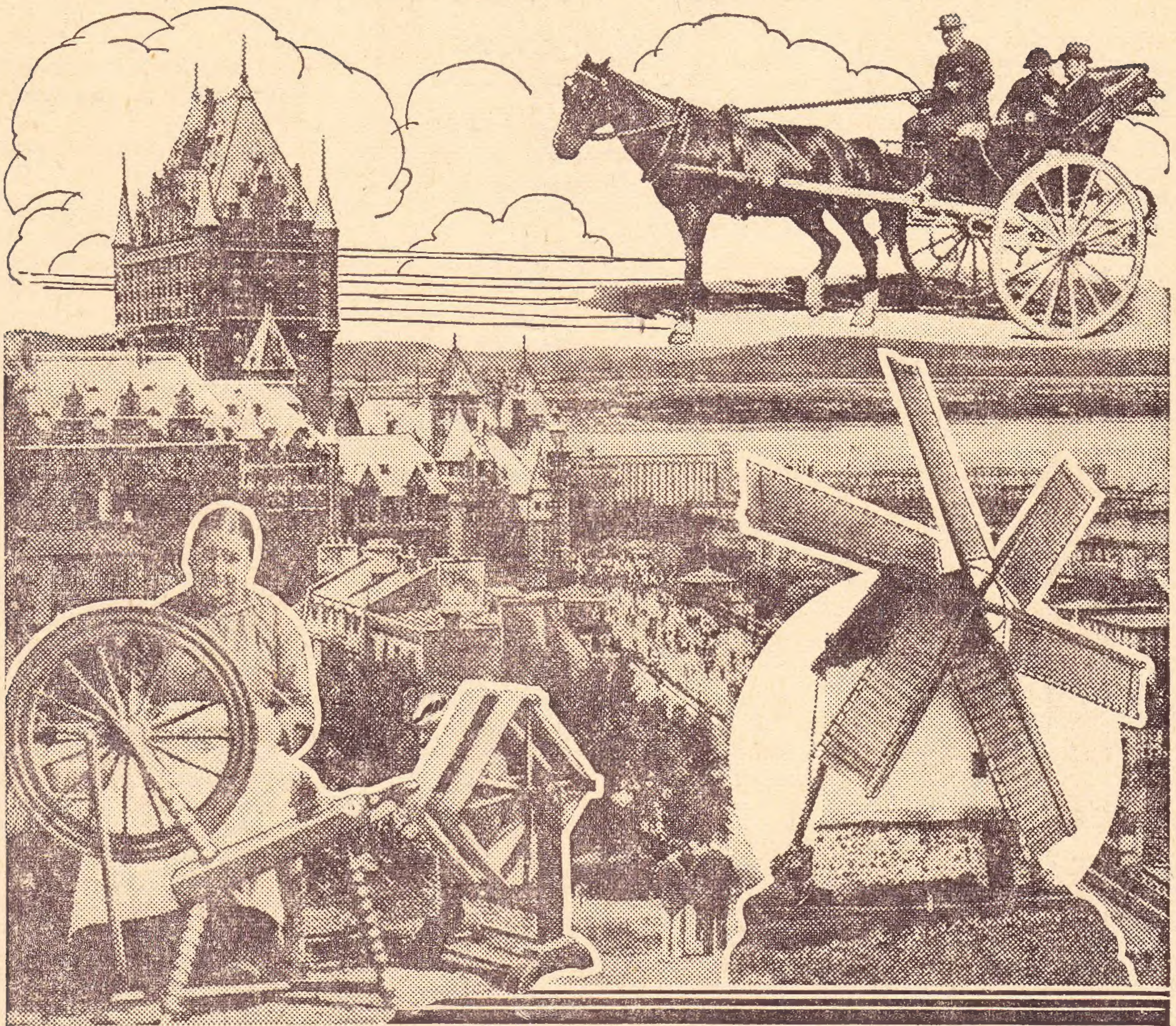
"The funny part of it," he said, "is, not thinking of the things I wanted, I got them. And. . ."

Mr. Wilton came out on the porch of his house, using a crutch as he moved. Mr. Wilton had recently fallen and broken his leg. And winter was coming. There would be snow on the walks.

Say, it was tough, to be laid up when you ought to be cleaning snow off your walks! It was!

Jimmy arose. And later Mr. Wilton said, "I was wondering who I could hire to keep my walks clear of snow, Jimmy. I surely was. I'm glad you came."

Scenes From Old Quebec



—Courtesy C. P. R.

WHAT PRICE SPORT?

By EDUARD PARACHUTA

A FRIEND and I walked through the woods, enjoying Nature at its best. Our destination was an old abandoned stone quarry where we planned to have some target practice. We walked in a light-hearted manner for the refreshing air brought new life to our bodies and it was a real joy to be in the quiet of the wood.

Soon we reached our spot and quickly set up the targets. In short order, our rifles were blazing away, breaking the stillness of the woods. The tall, skeleton-like trees stood silently watching our sport. And, what sport it was!

We were completely lost from the cares and worries of the world; and the trees, the gray bushes, and the small rippling brook that flowed nearby—all softly sang, peace, peace, peace.

During a short pause my comrade called my attention to a small bird which lit high in a near-by tree. It was unaware of any danger and started to sing gaily. It was then that a sort

of murderous enthusiasm seemed to come over both of us. We pointed our guns toward the bird and fired almost simultaneously. We missed. Then I fired again. The song ended, and the poor creature dropped limp to the ground.

The unruly craze within me led me into a mad chase after the prey. My companion helped me search and suddenly a sickening feeling arose within me. I wished I hadn't been so foolish. Then, I found the kill. It was such a small body, gray in color, with a touch of yellow in its still, unfolded wings. A bright speck of rich red blood colored its breast, and its once sparkling eyes were tightly closed.

I stood looking down silently and thoughtfully at the sad sight. My sport, the bird's life, and I didn't even know its name. The thought grew on me and I just couldn't pick up the body. I suppose it was fear, strange as it may seem.

My friend remarked about the swell

shot I made. I said nothing. I, the killer, had lost control of myself and had practised what I thought had been "sport." I had destroyed that which God had created. This creature had just as much right to live as I did. But I had taken its life wantonly.

My deed was done, so was the day. The now weary sun was fast turning to a vivid orange-red hue and gradually sank lower and lower beyond the distant hill. Dark clouds of approaching night slowly formed around Old Sol as though they were trying to cover him for the night. A lone bird swiftly flew across the horizon, bent on reaching its home, to protect it from the haunting night. Old Sol had set on another day. To him it might have been just an average day. To me it was an unforgettable one for it made me realize how and why men kill. That little bird's life made me resolve to control that craze. I shall control myself because I shall dread that feeling I experienced as a killer. And, that experience will serve as a guidance to keep me from crazed, unnecessary slaughter, whether it be aimed at a man or animal.—Our Dumb Animals.

SECRET SERVICE MAN OF TROY

(Continued from Page 2.)

them back and pursued them far over the plain, himself at the heels of Hector.

When, however, the Trojan champion was forced to turn and face his pursuer, and saw that he was not Achilles, he fought and slew Patroclus, stripping off the armor of the Greek, which he put on in place of his own.

DEATH OF HECTOR

NOW the love of Achilles and Patroclus was like the love of David and Jonathan. It needed the death of a friend to rouse the sulky lion, but once roused, nothing could stand in his way. Achilles put aside his quarrel with Agamemnon. A fine new set of arms fresh from the forge of the fire-god, Hephaestus, was brought to him, and clad in these he led out the Greeks once more to the plain of Troy.

In fear, the Trojans fell back to the Scaean Gate, and soon the plain was drumming with the advancing feet of the entire Grecian forces, headed by Achilles and his dreaded Myrmidons.

The champion fell upon the Trojan host, slaying one after the other of their mighty men; but not until nightfall—when but for the darkness he would have stormed Troy itself, all the Trojans having fled within the walls—did he come face to face with the man who had slain his friend.

At Achilles' coming cold fear shook the Trojan leader. Hector was no coward, but the eyes of his foe gleamed so terribly that he fled with Achilles in ferocious pursuit.

It was like "a hawk whizzing after a dove," says Homer. Thrice they rounded the thronged and watching walls, and each time Hector sought to gain the shelter of the gates, and every time his pursuer edged him away towards the plain. And while doing so the Greek champion motioned to his friends to leave Hector to himself.

At last, wearied of the chase, Hector summoned courage and halted ready to fight man to man.

They fought; and Hector, no match for the strong arm that wielded the champion's mighty spear, was slain.

THE WOODEN HORSE

"ILIUM will never fall by force of arms, my lord," said Odysseus in the tent of Agamemnon some years later. "Many months have passed since Achilles was slain by Paris' arrow. The wandering Amazons—she-wolves that fight with the fierceness of men—have joined the Trojan hosts; and I sometimes long to return to Ithaca by the sea, where my young wife Penelope and infant son Telemachus await my coming.

"What then are thy counsels, O son

of Laertes?" inquired the Grecian leader.

"We must resort to strategem. What says Cassandra, Priam's prophetess daughter? 'Trojans,' she cries, 'Our city cannot fall till we forget to worship Pallas Athene and bow to her image which is in the citadel.' Dressed in beggar's clothes, I have spied within Troy's walls, O king. It is not too large nor too heavy a statue!"

"Thou wouldst——?"

"Yea; again will I enter Troy. I will find out the temper of the people and see if they are as weary of the siege as we are. When the image is taken from their midst, then will the Trojans panic. Pallas Athene (Minerva) is Wisdom, and if she desert them, their wits will be scattered amain!"

In his rags Odysseus (surely one of the first secret service men—although we must not forget Gideon spying in the camp of the Midianites!) entered Troy, and dwelt as a beggar amongst them, asking for alms, Lazarus-like, at the palace and at the temple of Athene.

Only Helen saw through his disguise.

"Now that Paris is dead—he was shot by Philoctetes, your archer—I long for Sparta," she said.

"A-h-h!" muttered Odysseus in his beard. He was more interested in the inconstant nature of Menelaus' lawful wife than in the lovely face behind her shining veil. "Helen grows tired: she longs for home! What greater ally for us? What greater enemy could Troy have?"

"I will help you to win, Odysseus. I will show you inside the temple where the image lies!"

"Two men could lift that idol and carry it away," ruminated the Greek,

gazing at the goddess's stern, almost manlike features. "I will return later, accompanied by——"

"My husband, Menelaus?" whispered Helen.

"Nay, fair lady. Menelaus in here would be a wolf in a den of curs. So would I be if a king's son stole away my wife, Penelope, by force! Nay; 'tis Diomedes I will bring with me."

* * *

IN the dead of night the two adventurers crouched down amongst the thick bushes near the fortifications. It was an evil night, with a cruel wind, and a hoar frost that powdered the plain.

They scaled the scrub-dotted heights, then the massive, frowning walls. Troy was asleep, and Helen had seen to it that the sentinels were drugged. Ere rosy-fingered dawn streaked the eastern sky the image, wrapped in a dark sheet, was lying outside Agamemnon's tent.

And as Odysseus had anticipated, the Trojans began to lose their heads.

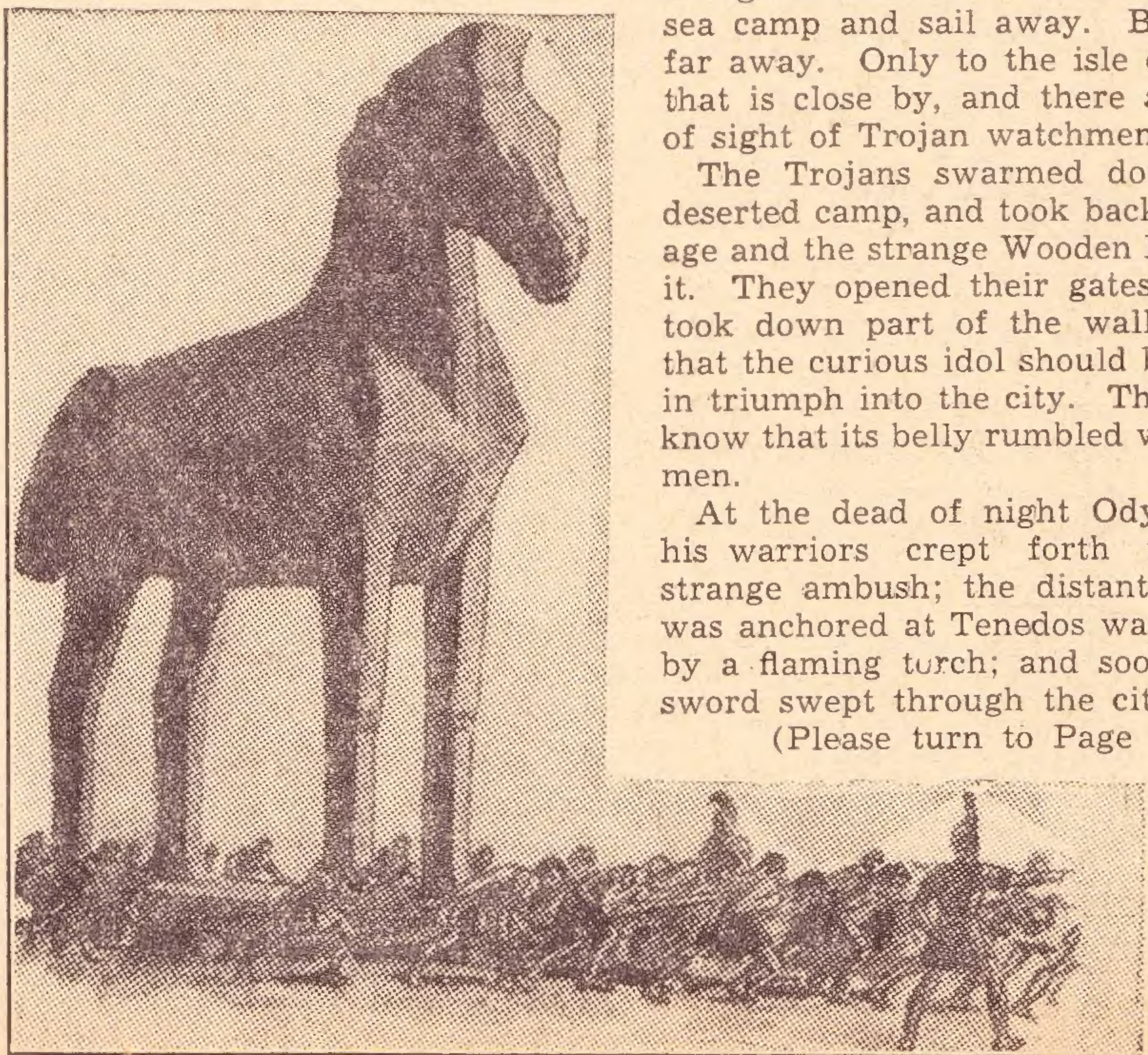
"Now, since it must appear to the men of Troy that *we* are frightened at having offended Pallas Athene by stealing her image, let us build a wondrous Horse as an offering," counselled the much-contriving island-prince of Ithaca. "By all our gods, Agamemnon, it seems to me that this war is going to be won by *craft* more than by sword and blood! Let us construct a huge framework in the shape of a horse, ostensibly as an offering to the goddess, but, concealed in the belly of the wooden monster . . . why, who else, but myself and a band of chosen warriors?"

"Then must we strategically retreat, O Agamemnon: thou to set fire to our sea camp and sail away. But not too far away. Only to the isle of Tenedos that is close by, and there anchor out of sight of Trojan watchmen's eyes."

The Trojans swarmed down to the deserted camp, and took back their image and the strange Wooden Horse with it. They opened their gates and even took down part of the wall, in order that the curious idol should be dragged in triumph into the city. They did not know that its belly rumbled with armed men.

At the dead of night Odysseus and his warriors crept forth from their strange ambush; the distant fleet that was anchored at Tenedos was signalled by a flaming torch; and soon fire and sword swept through the city.

(Please turn to Page 16.)



Northern Messenger

WEEKLY

Founded by John Dougall, 1864

Continuing the Canadian Messenger and Journal of Missions founded by John Dougall, (1855-7).

Revived, 1864 as Canadian Messenger.

Present title adopted, 1876

Printed and published by

JOHN DOUGALL & SON

(Frederick Eugene Dougall, surviving member of the firm)

at 360 Craig St. W., Montreal, Canada.

A Christian adventure for the whole family the Northern Messenger has for several generations been loved by young and old.

Interdenominational in its sympathies it is free to serve all Christians.

Entertaining, informing, inspiring, the heart and purpose of the Messenger is to declare the Gospel of Jesus, the power of God unto Salvation, and its challenge to Christian faith and living.

Subscription Rates Elsewhere
or on application.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

MAY 31, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

- Sun. : The word of God is a discernor of the thoughts.—Heb. 4:12.
 Mon. : The Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise.—1 Cor. 3:20.
 Tue. : Let the unrighteous man forsake his thoughts.—Isa. 55:7.
 Wed. : Search me, O God, and try my thoughts.—Ps. 139:23.
 Thu. : I hate vain thoughts, but Thy law do I love.—Ps. 119:113.
 Fri. : Thou understandest my thoughts afar off.—Ps. 130:2.
 Sat. : No thought can be withholden from Thee.—Job. 42:2.

The sin of our age is independence of God.

"Thy Kingdom come." When all men are willing to acknowledge their dependence on God, His Kingdom will come.

"Faith was counted to him for righteousness." Our Lord was unable to "do mighty works" where He was surrounded by unbelief. We must create an atmosphere of faith for God to work in or else our prayers are vain.

It is more important to provide and propagate an atmosphere of faith and humility than to do mighty works ourselves.

Prayer—Spiritual Armament

"WE must mobilize the forces of Prayer," says a South African clergyman. The suggestion is well put. Nations are today mobilizing every available physical force. There is a definiteness about mobilization of material units that is stimulating, if grim. People at least know how to go about it. The nation works as one man. The effort and sacrifice required for such mobilization generally brings out amazing demonstrations in people of courage, willingness and self-command. Soon we have a trained force, ready for action, armed, disciplined and actuated by a fine, determined spirit. That is the first stage of mobilization. What more can we do?

What does it mean to mobilize forces of prayer? If spiritual power is an armament which we cannot do without, how do we acquire it? What sort of results ought we to expect from the spiritual effort of prayer? What are the concrete objectives to aim for and what are the methods?

A writer in the *Church of England Newspaper* says:

TO pray when in danger is necessary, but it is when actuated with a desire not just for security, but rather that justice and mercy may prevail over evil, that prayer is good (i.e., effective). We need to pray for an ordered state of living which will remove for ever the cause or causes of warfare, not only between nations and classes and in the homes, but in individual lives.

A day of universal prayer is a grand event in all our lives, but daily prayer—prayer which becomes the atmosphere in which we live, will establish that close relationship between man and his Maker that, being so fully armed with the Spirit, he becomes one with God and ceases from self. Spiritually armed, the individual is made a force that resists evil and creates good. Prayer actuated and sustained by faith prevails with God, transforms men, and revolutionizes human nature.

How willingly we accept and do not hesitate to use the name of a friend when told to do so in approaching another person with whom we wish to do business or from whom we are seeking a favor! We also try not to let the friend down who honors us with the use of his or her name. Are we as careful in our approach to God and do we honor the name of Jesus?

WHAT TO ASK FOR?

SOME will say, "What are we to pray for?" most people in times of strife and crisis like the present would unhesitatingly say peace, or world peace. It is needful to pray for peace, but first things first. We require consistency in our dealings with the Almighty. Keeping that in mind, it may be the most essential thing to pray for right living.

Peace can only follow in the train of right living.

Prayer can be "our vital breath." Our prayers are effective when we put away all evil. Prayer either in public or private must be the earnest of our desire to live with God here in the flesh. Jesus came to establish the Kingdom of God on earth.

There is a sufficiency of all good things here below to make it a wonderful realm. Unfortunately we have not kept God on His throne. Self has sought and often superseded Him. In the handling of world commodities our prayers have gone by the board. Let us have as many days of prayer as possible, but, above all, let us work with God for the answering of our prayers.

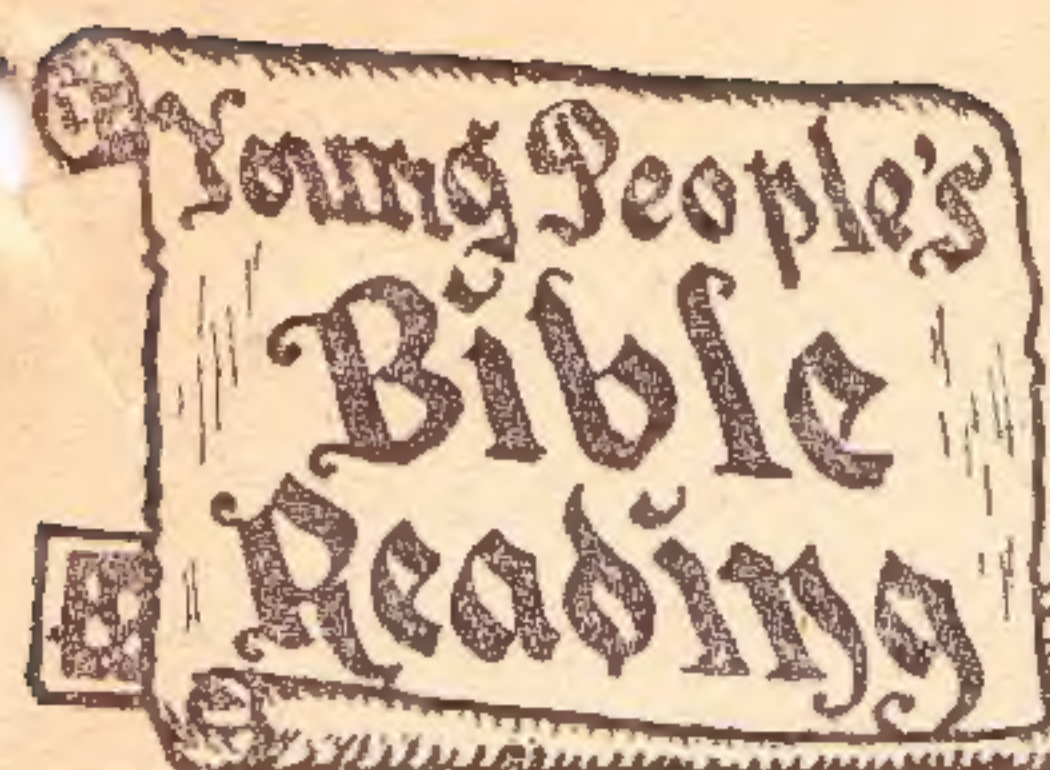
This Day

"THIS is the day the Lord made, let us rejoice and be glad in it." It may be a sunny day, it may be a rainy day. It may be a day of good tidings or a day of terrible heartache. A day when all around us seem happy or a day when every heart seems chilled, with fear. Whatever the circumstances, God has provided the strength, courage, peace and even joy that you need for just this day. "Lo, I am with you all the days."

"My peace I give unto you." There is an inner peace and rest of faith—a realisation of God's abiding presence that lifts the soul and even the senses at times above all thought of bodily ill or affliction.

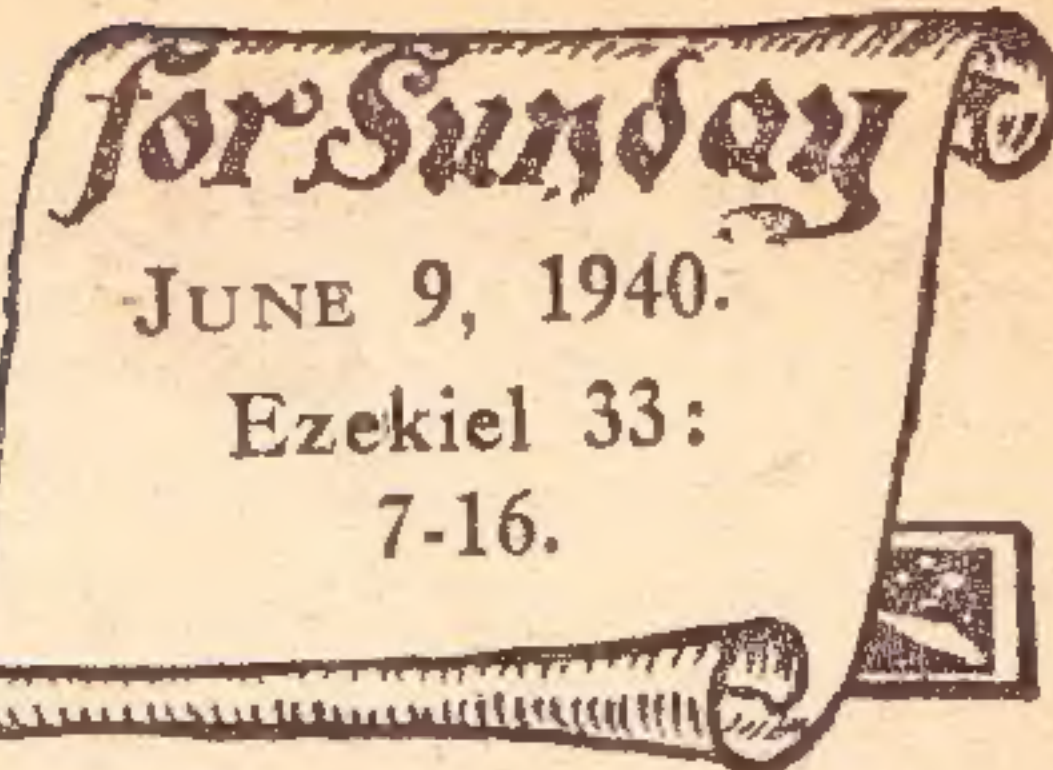
Our prayers go out for all who are suffering for righteousness sake that they may realise the presence of Christ and His peace and comfort.

Let us pray daily for all who suffer and mourn that they may find God through their need of Him, and receiving His comfort may be able to pass that comfort on to others.



Ezekiel and the Individual

by BERGAN



IN the Winter the earth lies as if dead, but all the time through God's Providence changes are working in it which will have wonderful results in Summer.

So there are periods in history when God, working quietly and, as it were "under the surface," is preparing people for great things.

When the Jewish temple was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar there were people who feared that their religion was destroyed with it. But there were others who had learned from Jeremiah that the great thing was to have God's covenant "written in their hearts."

As we saw there were prophets in Babylon like Ezekiel and the "Second Isaiah" who brought wonderful messages to the Jews there.

Again, we have seen how people used to come together to listen to Ezekiel's preaching. In other places even though there were no great man round whom they could gather, little companies of Jews would meet, would pray together, would read some of the great literature of their people, and if no enemies were round, would sing the old songs of Zion. "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another." (Mal. 3:17)

It was from these little gatherings that the "synagogue" developed and so they are the "ancestors" of our Christian churches with their prayers, their reading of the Scriptures, their hymns and their sermon.

THE EXILES AND THE BIBLE

ANOTHER great thing may be said to have begun at this time. The collection, selection and arrangement of much of the material which goes to make up our Bible.

A boy in Sunday School asked me, "How did people know what to put in the Bible?" It was a very good question. Dr. Paterson Smyth gives a very good answer in "How the Bible Grew."

The Jews were a religious people. They may be said to have been chosen by God to teach the world religion. Most of their literature had a religious purpose. Gradually, says Patterson Smyth, "under the overruling Providence of God, the best kept rising to the top in the estimation of faithful hearts in Israel. . . .

"This conviction came not through any external authority, not through any miraculous attestation or any formal decision, but through the persistent appeal of the books or utterances themselves to the Spirit-guided conscience

*Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.*

*All thoughts of ill, all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;*

*Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will:—*

*Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.*

*Nor deem the inevitable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.*
—H. W. Longfellow.

of the community in which they grew.

"Slowly, gradually, unconsciously, that community was making a selection. By the quiet influence of the Holy Spirit on their minds they were preparing for the Making of the Bible.

"The men who compiled the Bible simply accepted established facts. They decided not *what was to be Bible* but *what was already Bible*."

Collection, selection, arrangement and recopying went on for more than

500 years. The main effort of the "editors" was to preserve every scrap of writing that was valuable. The order they were preserved in did not much matter to them as long as the spiritual value was preserved.

EZEKIEL THE "WATCHMAN"

BUT we must get back to Ezekiel. We have today part of one of his sermons delivered after the fall of Jerusalem.

He repeats much of what he had said long before. (3:17-21; 18:5-29) A sermon sometimes will bear repetition, especially if people have not heeded it the first time.

His fellow-exiles had come to recognize him as a man of God. As we would say, they had "called him to be their minister." He was the man of clearest vision amongst them so they had chosen him to be their "watchman." (33:1-6)

God had first called him to that post. He felt the double responsibility of the position.

One of the duties of a sentinel is to sound a warning if the camp, fortress or city is in danger of attack.

Ezekiel reminds the people of their personal responsibility if they close their ears to the "watchman's" warning.

Die . . . live.—"Not to be understood in the highest New Testament sense. To die was to be cut off from the restored kingdom of God. To live was to survive and enjoy its blessedness." (Dummelow)

He tells the people that they are responsible for their actions and for the result of those actions.

When I say to the wicked . . . to the righteous.—God's promises and warnings are conditional. Ezekiel does not raise the question whether a truly righteous man could fall away. A man's character works out in his conduct. As someone says, "Character is destiny."

"The popular view of Israel's calamities . . . was that they were the punishment of the sins of former generations. Though there was a measure of truth in this. . . . (it was held) in a false and mischievous sense. It led the present generation to ignore their own sin, to doubt the justice of God's providence, to despair of escape from the working of a blind fate. Ezekiel, consequently, emphasized in the strongest way, the truths of individual responsibility, and of God's impartiality (Please turn to Page 8.)

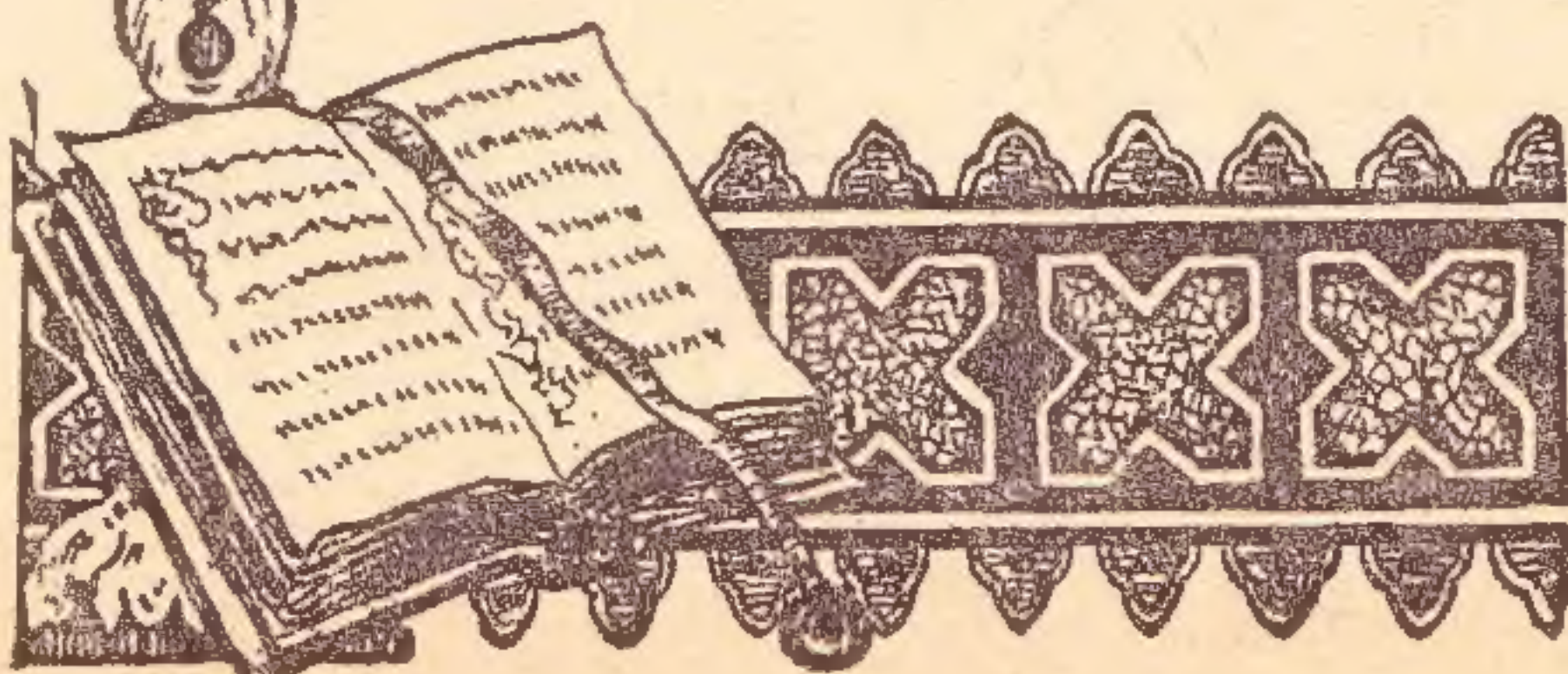


So then each one of us shall
give account of himself to God.
—Romans 14:12.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

FROM JUNE 3, TO JUNE 9,

Mon.—Ezekiel 33:7-9.
Tue.—Ezekiel 33:10-16.
Wed.—11 Cor. 5:6-10.
Thu.—Matthew 12:36, 37.
Fri.—Matthew 25:24-29.
Sat.—Matthew 11:20-24.
Sun.—Rev. 20:11-15.



Speed and Drink

(Fort William Times-Journal)

Some motor accidents are no doubt caused by stepping too hard on the accelerator, but it is said that far more are caused by imbibing too liberally of an exhilarator.

"Be Strong.

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift

We have hard work to do and loads to lift.

Shun not the struggle; face it, 'tis God's gift.' —Maltby Babcock.

"No country ever has, or ever will, make a profit out of the legalised sale of intoxicants."

"The ravages of drink are greater than those of war, pestilence and famine combined."—Gladstone, 1898.

GREEN GROW THE GRASSES

GRASS is the forgiveness of Nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass and carnage is forgotten. . . .

Sown by the winds, by wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outlines of the world. . . . It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrances or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, yet should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.—J. J. Ingals.

HARD PRESSED

Pressed out of measure, and pressed to all length,

Pressed so intensely it seems beyond strength,

Pressed in the body, and pressed in the soul,

Pressed in the mind, till the dark surges roll,

Pressure by foes, and pressure from friends,

Pressure on pressure, till life nearly ends.

Pressed into knowing no helper but God;

Pressed into loving the staff and the rod.

Pressed into liberty where nothing clings,

Pressed into faith for impossible things.

Pressed into living a life in the Lord,

Pressed into living Christ's life out-poured.

—Evangelical Christian.

Royal Licensing Commission Report

The continued use of Alcohol, whether in the form of beer, wine or spirits, even although not to the extent of drunkenness, often leads to chronic poisoning.

Alcohol weakens the natural forces that resist disease, increases the liability to disease, adds to its severity and retards recovery, paves the way to consumption, perverts the moral nature, affects the judgment, and impairs the memory, shortens life.

Democracy

"DEMOCRACY in school means that the teacher comes off her pedestal and is honest. I acknowledge every mistake and tell any child in difficulties my experience of God's help. Mary, a restless girl, learned how God helped me to keep my mind on my work. She found the cure, too, and the other children saw the difference."

EZEKIEL

(Continued from Page 7.)

in dealing with every man according to his own character." (Dummelow)

Jeremiah taught the same thing. (Jer. 31:29, 30)

Hitherto the Hebrew people had hardly thought of a man as an individual.

As we have often seen, they were like children in school being "promoted" as fast as their hearts and minds became open to receive more truth.

Their temple was destroyed, their nation dispersed. They were in captivity. This was a hard school indeed, but it was the only one in which they could learn this lesson. It is the lesson of democracy, the dignity, the importance, the responsibility of the ordinary man.

It seems to be foreshadowed in Ezekiel's first vision, "And he said unto me, Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak unto thee. And the Spirit entered into me and set me upon my feet." (Ezek. 2:1, 2)

EZEKIEL AND RESTORATION

QUITE likely Ezekiel's people were rather taken aback when he told them that they were being punished, not so much for their fathers' sins as for their own. They would have preferred to bemoan their hard lot and luxuriate in their despair. Some of them would have forsaken God and worshipped the idols in Babylon.

Perhaps indeed the first effect of Ezekiel's message may have been to make them more hopeless than ever. The thought of their own sins would be an added burden.

But God's purpose, and Ezekiel's purpose was to rouse them to a nobler life. "As I live, saith the Lord God, I

have no pleasure in the death of the wicked. Turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel." The joyful note of restoration sounds through all Ezekiel's later prophecies.

Ezekiel was a priest and felt the religious importance of ritual and ceremonies. We see this especially when he began to plan for the new temple and the new city. (Chaps. 40-48)

But like all true prophets his great concern was for conduct as the outcome of character. He has scorn for the "righteous" man who cares so little for real goodness that "he trusts to his own righteousness and commits iniquity."

The man who thinks that he is so "religious" that it won't matter if now and then or in an emergency he indulges in a little wrong doing.

When Ezekiel speaks of sin he means idolatry, uncleanness of life, robbery, usury, falsehood, unkindness, oppression of the poor.

And when he speaks of righteousness it is not a matter of ritual or ceremony, but righteousness, "straightness", "justice." It is cleanness of life, it is kindness to those in distress, it is giving bread to the hungry, it is clothing the naked, it is "executing true judgment between man and man."

For the man who has been wicked, it is not only "turning over a new leaf" living "righteously" for the rest of his life, but it is, as far as possible, making reparation to those whom he has wronged. (33:15; 18:5-18)

And the grand thing was that Ezekiel told how a man was to be good and to become good. (11:19, 20; 18:31, 32; 36:25-27) It is very much what Jeremiah taught. (Jer. 31:31-34) The new life must come from a new heart and God will give this new heart to all who turn to Him.

The people of Judah had "grown up." Each one of us who is old enough to know right from wrong is responsible for his or her actions. But God loves us each one and cares for each of us individually.

He doesn't lose sight of us in the mass of humanity or among all the big things that are happening in the world.

"Not a sparrow is forgotten before God. . . . Fear not, therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows." (Luke 12:6, 7) "The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep. . . . He calleth His own sheep by name." (John 10:3, 11)

QUESTIONS

1. What is one duty of a watchman or sentinel?
2. What did Ezekiel strive to impress upon the people?
3. What did he call on them to do?
4. God says, "I have no pleasure—". Complete the clause.
5. "Turn ye—". Complete the clause.
6. "Each one of us—". Complete the sentence.

My Business Has Changed

A Japanese Christian tells what God has meant in his life

IT was the year before last when I made my surrender to God. My occupation is that of a house-to-house salesman of medicine and I am constantly endeavoring to bring my small business under God's control. I want to share a victorious experience which I had in the conduct of my business.

Before my surrender the conduct of my business had these characteristics:

1. The prime object was to make money.
2. My heart was full of selfish love.
3. I did not thank my customers, for I thought I had sold my medicine instead of having my customer buy from me.
4. "My medicines are more excellent than those of the medical doctors and only my medicines have the power to cure," was my exaggerated claim. I was dishonest.
5. I did not think of the troubles of my customers, but thought only of my interests.
6. I passed critical judgments on my customers and colleagues.

After I made my surrender, the following characteristics became outstanding in my business:

1. God taught me that the money from my business was not mine but His. And I learned that the interests of the customer come first.
2. When I find a person who is ill and troubled on my visits, I make a present of some medicine.
3. Often I massage old men and people who are tired.
4. I witness with others under guidance.
5. I talk of other people's virtues only.
6. I make presents of medicine to families of the war-dead.

* * *

ONE day I visited a house in the mountains. A customer was handling one of the packages of medicine. On putting it back I noticed that three doses of its medicine were missing so I requested payment. He said he had not taken any.

Upon hearing this, I listened to God at once. God said to me, "Why do you request the money for medicine which the customer said he did not take?" I apologized to the customer. (I had been a "profiteer" before my surrender.) I made restitution and he began to tell me of his own sins and sickness. I thought that God was working.

The customer then heard of my method of treatment and of my medicines. He requested a good medicine and instead of a "loss" due to my guidance, I made a sale of two yen and eighty sen. I was quite joyful over the way everything turned out. Now, I am working to bring my business more completely under God's control.

"Contentment helps to remove wrinkles from that 'dry middle-aged skin.'"

* * *

Sins which are forgiven, should also be forgotten.

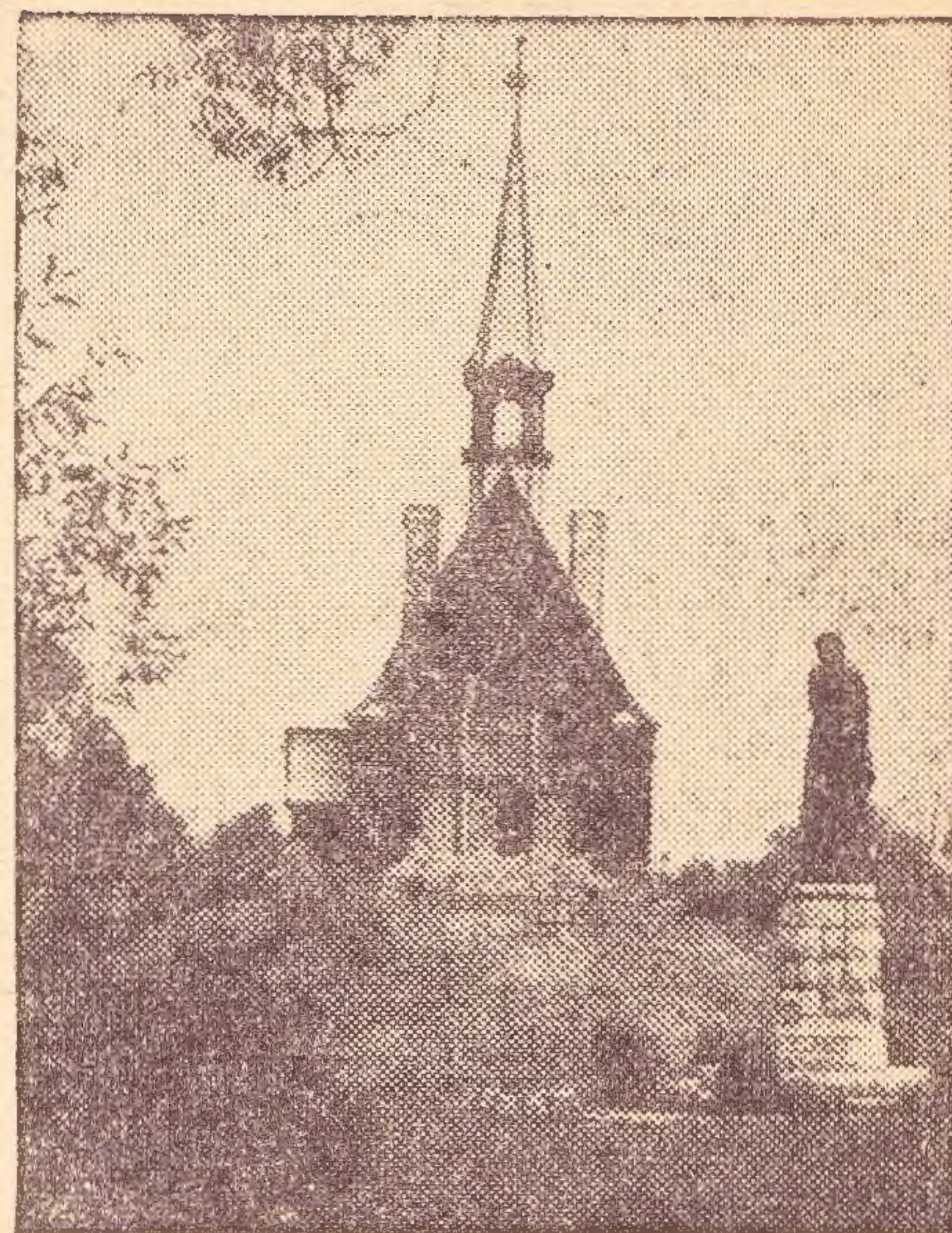
A Call to Women

WE look at ourselves and ask: What is my aim in life? Is it anything higher than the daily round of home duties? Is my life marked by self-seeking? Am I out to please myself and not bother about anyone else? We women—I say this to myself in all earnestness—must wake up to the responsibilities of remaking this world into a place where God reigns. Are we going to allow this world, so full of beauty, with all its privileges and blessings, to become a place where evil reigns?

Some of us know of homes that are simply being broken up through selfishness and lack of love; we hear of lads going into the Army from homes where there is no sense of moral responsibility. Thank God many people are beginning to realize their need; they are seeking to find God and are getting a new vision for themselves; they are ready to tell of their difficulties and to talk over their problems.

Many are crying out for help, and if we are to answer this call we must be fully armed ourselves—we must, indeed, be morally and spiritually armed—we must "put on Christ," before we can help others.

For me this has meant an uprooting of a tremendous lot of selfishness which I had no idea was in my heart and life. It has meant the giving up of my home for the use of other people. It means, too, that I must be prepared to give out much more love and friendship; that God must plan my days and that I must



(C.P.R.)

HISTORIC CANADIAN SCENE
The Church of Evangeline at Grand Pré, N.S.



be ready and alert to see what is His plan for me. What a joy it is to know that God can take our homes and use them if we are willing to hand over everything to Him.

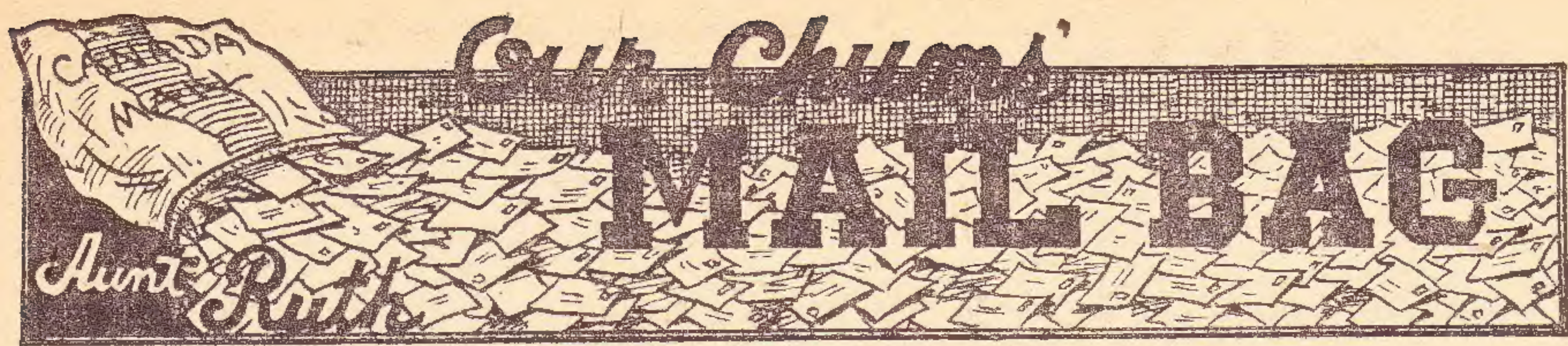
I have been realizing more and more the responsibility of having a home which can be used, and God has made me ready to take responsibility and it is wonderful how He sends us work to do. Are we going to listen to God to find out His plan for us and our home? —E. Upward in C.E.N.

"Thank God for this! That once again
We are alive to greet the spring;
To smell the earth, fresh-washed with
rain,
To watch each little growing thing;
And, watching, feel each bud and leaf
Are symbols of the death of grief."

THE AMERICAN dollar is the descendant of an old Spanish coin, the peso, or piece of eight, which was in common use in the British North-American Colonies at the time of their revolt in the eighteenth century.

The device on the dollar with which we are all familiar—\$—is formed by two pillars, with a garland twined about them. These pillars are supposed to represent the famous "Pillars of Hercules"—the two mighty rocks which face each other, and together form the Straits of Gibraltar.—Sel.

There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart: never believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it is true; never tell even that, unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it.—Henry van Dyke.



DEAR CHUMS,—

Your letters have fallen off just a wee bit lately and the Mail Bag has looked just a little bit limp. I know you don't want that to happen so this is just a cheerful reminder. You certainly set a splendid record in the Chums' Riddle Contest and I feel sure that you can keep up to it. One thing you can all do and that is to encourage your friends to write to the Mail Bag. Tell them how much fun you have watching for your letters, getting pen-pals, sometimes being chosen for Star Correspondent, getting prizes and Honorable Mention and all the rest of it. Tell them how easy it is to become a "chum"—just write a letter. And what interesting letters we do get from all over the world! "Enlisting" new chums can be a real lesson in salesmanship and lots of fun too. So why don't you try it?

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums:—I get the Messenger every week and enjoy reading the chums page and the stories. I have four sisters and five brothers. My oldest sister is married and has two children, a boy and a girl. We have four cats. A mother cat, Don, Dusty and Blackie. I belong to the Junior Red Cross. I have not very long ways to go to school. I can see the school house from my home. There are 14 pupils in our school.

We have 17 cows and 9 sheep and 2 lambs. We have a horse named Rod. We have 3 turkeys. The mother turkey is setting. We have some hens too.

I will close now to leave room for other chums. Your new chum—Nova Cameron, N.S.

—: (O): —

To Marjorie Burgess from
Marion Matheson

Hello Marjorie,—I saw your letter in the Northern Messenger asking for more pen-pals so here I am. My grandmother has been sending us the Messenger for some years now and we all enjoy it very much.

I think Aunt Ruth is right when she doesn't publish the chums' addresses. I think we try to make our letters more interesting when we correspond through the chums' page, don't you?

I am thirteen years of age and my birthday is Nov. 1. I have blue eyes and curly hair, am five feet three tall and I weigh one hundred and twenty pounds.

What grade are you in at school? I passed my entrance examinations last June and I expect to go to High School this September.

How many brothers and sisters have you? I have two brothers and one

sister and we live on a farm not far from Guelph, Ontario.

We haven't a big radio either, just a crystal receiving set that my older brother made. His hobby is making these radios.

Have you any pets? We have two lambs and they are really cute. Sometimes they jump up on their mothers' backs and try to stay there. Hoping to hear from you soon. Your new pen-pal.—Marion Matheson, Ont.

—: (O): —

To Ella Riebel from
Margaret Weldin

Dear Ella,—I was so glad to see that you answered my letter.

I have two brothers younger than myself. I am the only girl. I also like reading. My favorite author is L. M. Montgomery. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. My teacher in Sunday School is Miss MacDonald.

I do not live on a farm. I am sorry that the wolves killed a lot of your sheep.

- * * * * *
- * This Month's Prize Winner *
- * EILEEN LANE *
- * Honorable Mention *
- * MARION DYER *
- * * * * *
- * This Week's Star Correspondent *
- * MARION MATHESON *
- * Honorable Mention *
- * MERVYN RAVELLE *
- * * * * *

I am not as tall as you. I am four ft. eight ins. I also like to swim. We go to the shore every summer. We have a dog and a cat for pets. I had better close now. Hoping to hear from you soon.—Margaret Weldin, N.S.

—: (O): —

To Ruth McClure from
Audrey Keats

Dear Ruth:—I Read your letter through the Northern Messenger and I was thrilled to know I have a pen-pal and twin.

We have Junior Red Cross in our school. My teacher's name is Miss Harris.

There are about 4,000 people here. What is the name of your sister and brother? My brother's name is Lloyd. I will say good-bye, thank you for writing. Your pen-pal.—Audrey Keats, Nfld.

—: (O): —

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums:—I decided to write a letter to the Mail Bag. I am twelve years old and I have two sisters, one 4 years old the other 8 months! I have for a pet one dog and her name is Trixie. For sports in winter I like skiing and in summer swimming in Lake Huron. I have medium brown hair. I am four feet nine inches tall and weigh 93 lbs. I go to the United Church Sunday school.

I am in grade seven in public school. Our home is near a summer resort so in the winter it is very quiet. I will close with best regards to all pen-pals. — Yours sincerely.—Mervyn Ravelle.

Ans.—Glad to hear from you Mervyn. Why don't you get some of your boy pals to write?—A. R.

—: (O): —

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums.—I have been receiving the Northern Messenger for a year and enjoy reading your page. I would like to receive letters from girls everywhere.

I have one sister and five brothers and live on a farm. I enjoy skating very much and the young people do a lot of skating here. Hoping to hear from chums everywhere.—Jetta C. Lewis, C. B.

As the two friends stood chatting in the street an old woman came up. "Spare a few coppers, please, sir, to help with the rent," she said.

"Well," said the thin man, hesitatingly, "I don't know about that—"

"Go on," said his fat friend, "help the poor old soul."

And the thin man gave her a quarter!

"Funny thing she didn't ask you as well," he said as the woman walked away.

"Well, old man," was the reply, "I'm her landlord."

DAO'S REWARD

Founded on Fact

By A. O. STOTT

HIS CHINESE name was Dao. Now Dao has a lot of meanings according to the tone of voice you use. It can express at least five things—a road, truth, a robber, a peach or growing rice.

It was this last lucky meaning which Dao's name conveyed by its proper tone, so he was quite proud of it.

"I can leave him nothing else" said his poor widow Mother when she was dying. "May Kwan-Yin (the Goddess of Mercy) grant that his rice bowl be kept filled."

Dao's only relative, an old scholarly uncle, took him after his mother's death, but the poor old man being quite out-of-date could find nothing to do. It broke his heart and it was not long before Dao found himself homeless again.

With the few dollars his uncle had left him he decided to buy some kerosene oil and hawk it round the streets for a living.

Alas being so young and ignorant of fat-profit-ways" Dao scarcely earned his rice at all. His name seemed a mockery, for he could only afford a sweet potato now and then from a travelling cook-stall, or a bowl of coarse millet. However he never ceased indulging his one hope of going "to eat knowledge" some day at a Hall of Learning when he got enough money together to pay his fees.

One morning when he was shuffling down a narrow lane giving the peculiar call of the oil-hawker, a woman-servant dashed out of a door in the high wall surrounding a compound of buildings.

"Here, Here" she cried "The oil seller is late again and the Foreign Teacher will be Kyi-s (angry-to-death). I won't have this bother any more. If the oil is good and you don't cheat too much Little Brother, we will take from you."

Dao was delighted at the hope of a regular "buy guest", and so the first link in the chain was struck which was to draw him into a new life.

* * *

WEEK by week as he came selling oil he heard a Message which thrilled his heart. No longer need he feel a poor friendless orphan, for now he was told of a Heavenly Father's

Love, and a Saviour who had died for him.

The missionaries arranged for Dao to attend a night school class where he quickly showed remarkable ability to "eat learning." But he was not a boy to keep the good news to himself, he felt he must try and pass it on to others.

In the corner of the filthy loft which he rented as a sleeping place, was another lodger a cross disagreeable evil tongued woman. Granny Wong was a friendless old creature. She made and sold straw sandals to supply her meagre wants. She cursed terribly, was bad tempered and swore at Dao more or less the whole time and threw things at him which often hurt him quite badly.

Dao previously had not stood this patiently and always returned her "knife edge words" to the best of his ability, but now he resolved to try and win her to love God. But that would take far more than speaking about Him, so Dao set himself in every way to try and help her.

"She might have been my Granny" he reminded himself, "so I must try and be kind to her."

Months passed and then during one cold wintry spell with the snow swilling underneath the broken roof tiles, the old woman caught a bad chill. Dao awoke to find her one morning very sick indeed. He heated her little charcoal hand-warmer and made her some tea, but when he got back at night he found her much worse.

THE owner of the house wanted to throw her out in the street immediately, for he was afraid of her dying there, and destroying all their luck.

Dao could only persuade them to let her remain if he promised to look after her to give them due warning before "the Spirit of death had entered the house."

This meant he dared not leave her for a moment and he wondered how he was going to live at all without selling his oil. But Dao did not hesitate, whatever it meant he would stay and nurse the poor old woman, even if they starved.

Indeed it would really have come to that but for his "Jesus friends" who sought him out and helped him.

They suggested that Granny should be taken to the Hospital, but she absolutely refused to go and the doctor who came to see her did not urge it.

Da's goodness and love however were not fruitless, for her stubborn old heart gradually was softened by his devotion and before she died she made him very happy by knowing she had come to believe in his Saviour too.

"I didn't know there was such a thing as real love in the world" she said "You have been better than a son to me in spite of my badness. I am grateful to you my boy, and so I gave all my money I had hidden away to the 'Jesus-man' for you yesterday. He will keep it for you safely and it will help to pay for you to 'eat learning' as I know you desire."

So Dao had his reward, for Granny's savings though not much were just enough to enable him to go to school where he has done exceptionally well.



More About Planets

(Continued from Last Week.)

NEPTUNE is 2,800 million miles from the Sun (or thirty times as far as the Earth), and takes 165 years to complete its orbit round the Sun. Its diameter is four times that of the Earth, and its physical condition similar to Jupiter and Saturn. It has one satellite about as big as our Moon.

PLUTO, the last planet of the Solar system, was predicted by Lowell and discovered at the Observatory he founded by a young astronomer named Tombaugh. It is extremely faint and was discovered after much searching by the change of its position on photographic plates taken a few days apart. It is probably a great deal less than the Earth.

MINOR PLANETS

REFERENCE to the table I have given shows a big gap between Mars and Jupiter. Between these two planets are more than 2,000 small bodies revolving round the Sun. Only four have diameters longer than 100 miles. The smallest may well be pieces of rock not more than one mile in diameter. The most interesting of these little bodies is Eros. Owing to the elliptic nature of its orbit, it sometimes comes near the Earth and is utilized to determine the distance of the Sun. In 1901 it came within 30 million miles and in 1931 within 17 million miles.

Every now and then, usually unexpectedly, a Comet is seen in the sky. It differs from other celestial bodies in having a luminous appendage or tail. For a few months it is visible and then disappears. In 1456 when the Turks took Constantinople and seemed likely to over-run Europe, a Comet appeared which was regarded as a dreadful portent. A prayer was offered in the Churches, "Lord, save us from the devil, the Turk and the Comet."

Newton showed that Comets, like planets, moved under the Sun's attraction, but in very long ellipses or even hyperbolic orbits. Halley found that the Comet he saw in 1682 had previously visited the Earth in 1607, 1531, 1456 and 1066 and confidently predicted its return in 1759. Since then it has been seen in 1835 and 1910, and returns every 75 years or nearly so.

A Comet is probably a loose collection of small bodies, extending over a large volume. As the Comet approaches the Sun, the heat disintegrates it to a certain extent, and gases emanate from it which are driven away by electrical forces or the pressure of light and form the luminous tail.

RUNNING METEORS

NOT infrequently on a clear night a bright star suddenly flares up, runs through the sky for a few seconds and then disappears. These are generally very small bodies moving with great velocity which become partially vaporized in the Earth's atmosphere. Occasionally, a larger one hits the Earth, is discovered and placed in a museum.

Such meteors are of two kinds—stone and iron. A very large one fell in June 30, 1908, in Siberia. Its light was seen in full daylight many miles from the place where it fell in small fragments and set fire to a large area of scrub and small trees. The most remarkable feature was the great wind it caused, which was sufficient to uproot trees and knock down men and horses more than a hundred miles away. Fortunately, the meteorite fell in an uninhabited region.

We must regard the discovery of the solar system as one of the greatest triumphs of astronomy. The curious motion of the planets or wandering stars led Copernicus to believe that the Earth moved round the Sun. Galileo, with his telescope, made this appear reasonable, while Kepler's laws led Newton to discover the law of universal gravitation and show how this great solar system is held together.

(Next Article: *How Much We Know.*)
(Copyright: N.F.L.)

MORE KITE-FLYING

AN interesting variation to kite flying is to send up "messages" and parachutes. The former are nothing but round pieces of paper which you stick on the string yourself after making a hole in the middle. The wind will carry them clear to the kite no matter how high it is. Parachutes can be made with any kind of cloth, even an old pocket handkerchief. It should, however, be square.

Tie a piece of string about six inches long to each corner of the cloth and gather them together, tying a pebble or small padlock at the point where they join. This is purely to give weight. Any little article will do. Next hook a pin through the center of the cloth, bending it so that you can hang the parachute to the kite string by it.

Hang the chute to the string and let the wind carry it aloft. When far in the air give the kite string a jerk. The parachute will come off and float gracefully to earth. This is great fun. You can have as many parachutes as you wish and keep the air full of them.—H. H. G.

ANSWERS TO

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. To sound a warning at the approach of any danger.
2. That they were responsible for their own actions and the result of those actions.
3. To turn from their evil ways.
4. "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked."
5. "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die, O house of Israel."
6. "Each one of us shall give account of himself to God." (R.V.)



A 16-Page Sunday Magazine
Published Weekly

A Christian Service for the Whole Family
of the Sunday School Scholar

INTERDENOMINATIONAL
See further description elsewhere

To Home Addresses

Prepaid—by the Year—

Single Subscriptions 80 cts.
CLUB rates to separate addresses
3 or more at 70 cts. each.
6 or more at 65 cts. each.

REDUCED PREPAID RATES To Sunday Schools

6 or more to one address at 50c. each.
(or on yearly contract payable
quarterly, 13c per quarter.)

ABOUT POSTAGE

Above rates include postage throughout
Br. Empire (except as below).

EXTRA POSTAGE: For Greater Montreal (city of publication), Australia and overseas foreign countries 50 cts extra for single subscriptions.

For U.S.A. and Philippines 25 cts extra.

S. S. packages to such addresses by arrangement.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS PLEASE NOTE

If the bundle is to be sent to a new address, please state both old and new. The bundle should always go in the name of the it may be addressed to him in C/o someone more convenient to S.S. or P.O.
official most permanently interested, though

Our Remarkable Introductory Offer

would interest some S. S. friend of yours who may not know what the Messenger is like today. It will be sent on request.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
P.O. Box 3070, Place d'Armes,
Montreal, Quebec.

Keep your WITS WORKING

A PLAY ON NAMES

What did Leigh Hunt? Because he saw Harriet Beecher Stowe the treasure away.

What did Richard Steele? What he knew John Horne Tooke.

When does Lewis Carroll? When William Dean Howells.

Did Charles Read Mark Twain's book? Yes, but he thought John Greenleaf Whittier.

What made Edward Whymper? He saw someone pull Augustus Hare.

ONE-MINUTE PROBLEM

Ten counters numbered with the odd numbers from 1 to 19 were put in a bag and shuffled. Then five boys each drew out a pair. The total values of each pair were: 26, 24, 6, 30, and 14.

What pairs did each boy pull?

ENIGMA

The simplest weapon that we know
Ere sense and skill have time to grow;
A weapon always sharp and strong,
By art made short, by Nature long.
For use and for protection sent,
Yet often formed for ornament.
A rough-hewn tool, of which we read
By woman used in time of need,
When, in the foe's defeated hour,
She freed a nation from his power.

BIBLE ACROSTIC

1. A tree mentioned in Leviticus. 2. King David's grandfather. 3. A woman of Jericho. 4. A mountain in Palestine. 5. A King of Judah. 6. Worn by oxen. 7. One of the twelve tribes. 8. A priest who had seven wicked sons. 9. A city built by Solomon in the wilderness. 10. A musical instrument. 11. A great river. 12. One of the seven churches of Asia. 13. A historic battlefield. 14. A fire god. 15. The house of God.

The initials give a saying in the Book of Revelation.

RIDDLES CONTRIBUTED BY CHUMS

1. What is it I haven't got and don't want but if I had it I wouldn't like to lose it?
2. What is it that women are always looking for but never hope to find?
3. What is it that stands with its heart in its head.—Sent in by Lydia A. May, Nfld.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Answers to Chum's riddles.—1. None. (There is no such thing as half a hole). 2. A stair carpet. 3. It. 4. Twelve. (His own 2 ears and ear of corn.) 5. Sweet milk turning sour. 6. B's (Bees). 7. When the door is open. 8. When he holds up the traffic with one hand. 9. When there are two of them. 10. In winter he wears a fur coat and in summer he wears a fur coat and pants.—Sent in by Marion M. Eyre.

Crossword Puzzle

Across	Down
1. Esarhaddon	1. Employment
10. Money	2. Soles
11. Oiled	3. An
13. Pl	4. Rei
14. Image	5. Hymn
16. Be	6. Doge
17. Led	7. Die
19. NNE	8. Ol
20. Sat	9. Nebat
21. Osee	12. Detestable
23. Dote	15. Ananias
24. Asunder	18. Dealt
25. Male	20. Sores
27. West	22. Ese
29. Est	23. Dew
30. Gad	26. Asleep
32. Sea	28. Seven
33. NE	30. Girl
34. Risen	31. Dens
36. Vb.	34. Roi
37. Tenor	35. Not
39. Novel	38. N.H.
41. Phillistine	40. Vi.

Charade.—Blackbird.

SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS

THE lifeboat is wonderfully constructed so that it can carry more than it can hold.

Mars is a star so far off that it would take a million years to walk there in an express train.

Milk is chiefly bought in tins but it also grows in cocoanuts and goats.

Oliver Cromwell had an iron will and a large red nose, but underneath were deep religious feelings.

Liberty of conscience means being able to do wrong without bothering about it afterwards.

Rhubarb is a kind of celery gone bloodshot.

The feminine of bachelor is lady-in-waiting.

The population of London is a bit too thick.

The inhabitants of Paris are called Parisites.

A quack doctor is one who looks after ducks.

Doctors say that fatal diseases are the worst.

A polygon with seven sides is called a hooligan.

What was Adam's punishment? He was to keep Eve.

My father has been decapitated for a number of years.

Gasps and Giggles

STRONG ARM

Douglas: "My father is a policeman."
Dave: "Is he strong?"

Douglas: "I'll say he is! He tolds up the buses with one hand!"

OTHERWISE

"May I use your telephone?"
"Certainly! Is yours out of order?"
"Not exactly, but sister is using it to hold up a window, Ma's cutting biscuits with the mouthpiece, and baby is teething on the cord."

BOOK ENDS

I seldom notice book ends much,
Although, of course, I've seen them;
They are like ears—what really counts
Is what one has between them.

"Where is that beautiful canary bird of yours that used to sing so clearly and sweetly?" asked Mrs. Weatherbee.
"I had to sell him," Mrs. Butlam said tearfully. "My son left the cage on the radio set and he learned static."

It was so cloudy that the barrage balloons were invisible from the ground. An inquisitive old man, looking on, was frankly puzzled.

"How do you know there's a balloon at the end of the rope?" he asked one of the men on duty.

The soldier cocked an eye skyward and replied:

"If there ain't, then lummy, I've done the blooming Indian rope trick."

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

5c Per Word (minimum \$1.00). Six consecutive insertions without change 4c per word per insertion

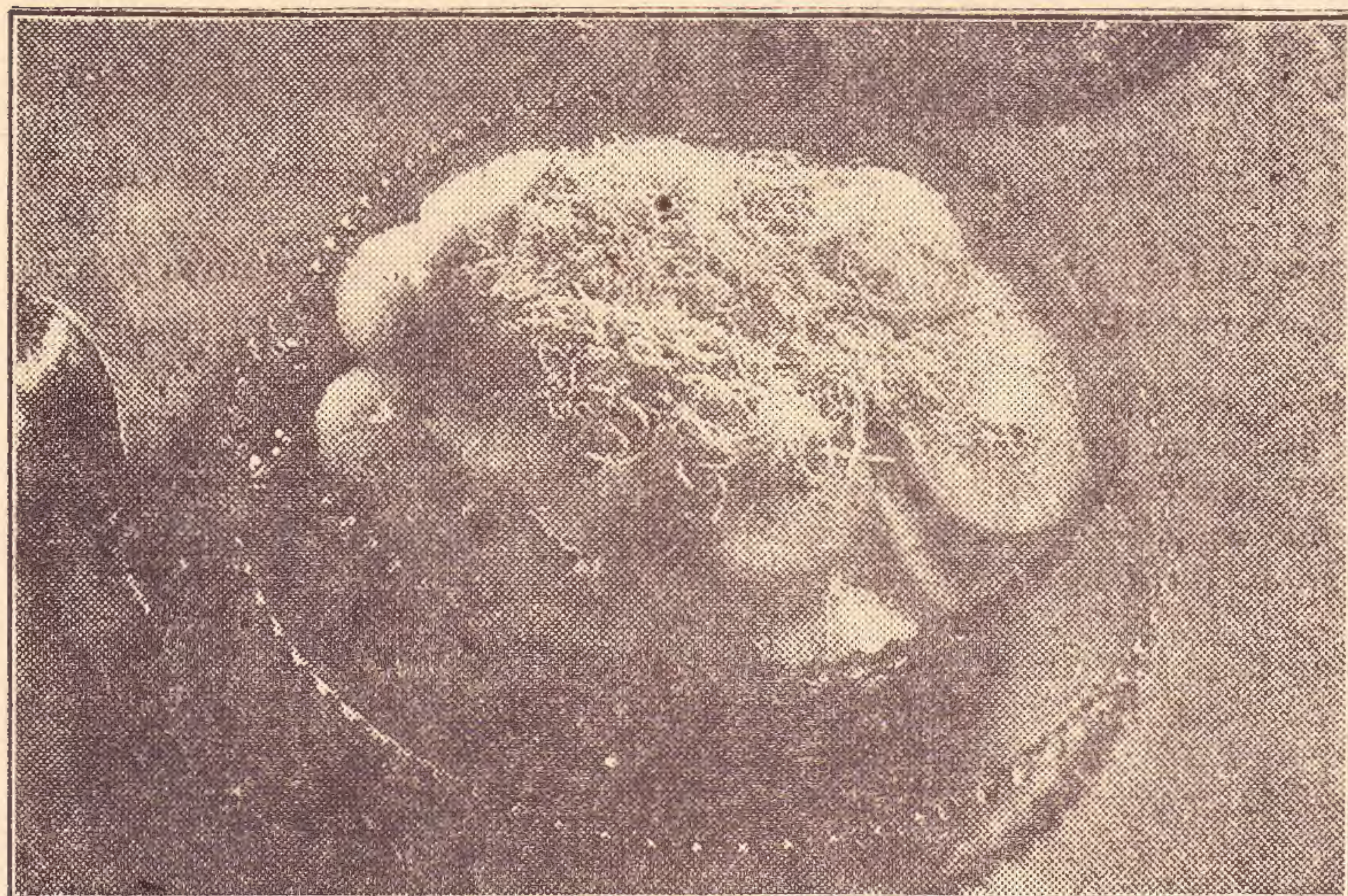
ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

A Complete Range of Brushes, Colors, Paper, Canvas Pastels for general Artists' use. Send for Catalogue. ART EMPORIUM LTD., 1429 McGill College Ave., Montreal.

PATENTS

An offer to every inventor. List of inventions and full information sent free. The Ramsay Company, World Patent Attorneys. 273 Bank Street, Ottawa, Canada.

Simple Yet Splendid Desserts



By BETTY BARCLAY

Did you know that the fruit dessert, so popular today when everyone is diet conscious, is an old, old custom? In England, Eleanor, Countess of Leicester, introduced oranges as a dessert in the year 1290, when juice squeezers or extractors were unheard of and a glass of orange juice would have been a novelty.

Fruit desserts have played an important part in the food habits of many countries. They originated and were most used in warmer climates favorable to fruit production. With the cultural development of many fruits, such as oranges, lemons and grapefruit in this country, and modern high-speed transportation, these delicious natural foods so favorable to health have become available to all. This year when citrus fruits from California and the southern states are more plentiful than ever before and within the reach of every pocketbook is an opportune time to serve them in a variety of ways.

The Orange Ambrosia pictured is a simple dessert to prepare and an excellent balance with a dinner rich in calories.

Orange Ambrosia (Serves 6)

- 6 oranges, peeled and sliced
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup powdered sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated coconut

Arrange orange slices in serving dish; sprinkle with sugar and coconut. California oranges are preferred for slicing since they are firm-meated and virtually seedless.

Two orange desserts somewhat more elaborate than Ambrosia yet easy-to-make are an Orange Spanish Cream and an Orange Shortcake. These recipes are new and recently tested in Betty Barclay's kitchen. They are excellent.

Orange Spanish Cream (Serves 6-8)

- 2 tablespoons gelatine
- 2 cups milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- 3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon grated orange peel

- 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 cup orange juice
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- Orange segments
- Seedless grapes

Soak gelatine and milk together for 5 minutes. Put in top of double boiler and heat. When gelatine is dissolved, add sugar. Pour this hot mixture slowly over slightly beaten egg yolks. Return to double boiler and cook until thickened somewhat, stirring constantly. Remove from flame and add salt, grated orange and lemon peel, lemon and orange juice, stiffly beaten egg whites.

Let stiffen in 9-inch ring mold. Unmold on serving plate and fill center with orange segments. Dessert will separate into a clear layer and a layer of creamy sponge.

Orange Shortcake (Serves 6-8)

This is one of the best fresh fruit shortcake recipes we have tried. Do not omit the orange sauce; it adds immeasurably to the success of the whole.

- 2 cups sifted, all-purpose flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
- 4 tablespoons shortening
- 1 egg
- Milk

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Cut in shortening. Beat egg in measuring cup and fill to the $\frac{1}{2}$ mark with milk. Combine dry mixture with eggs and milk, stirring quickly until a soft but not sticky dough is formed, adding more milk if necessary. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead for a few seconds. Divide dough in half and pat each gently into an 8-inch layer pan. Bake at 425° F. about 12 minutes.

Put layers together and spread top with segments or slices from 6 oranges, sweetened to taste. Serve with sauce made with:

- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons shredded orange peel

WHEN IS A PARTY A REAL PARTY?

(Concluded)

IN selecting the favors, I always try to avoid the things that will make for noise and disorder. The tastes of the young are not so jaded that they must be boisterous in order to have a good time. In fact, I am convinced that rattles and whistles and all such atrocities are the inventions of adult demons and that they are as trying to the nervous systems of children as they are to those of adults. At all events, as far as my parties are concerned, these contraptions are banned. Little animals or tiny puzzles, small dolls or miniature trucks will give children something to look at and play with during the meal and will afford real pleasure afterward.

When the ice cream comes, there is invariably a chorus of "ohs" and "ahs" because, instead of being just a piece, it is made into little individual molds. For the boys I get engines, automobiles or boats, and for the girls I have birds or dolls or some other feminine creations. A birthday cake, filled with lucky buttons and miniature rings, finishes off the meal, and the faces of the young show that they have enjoyed themselves. It may have been simple, but it has been good.

There always seems to be a hiatus between the time supper is over and the time when the last—even the first—child is called for. Those were the worst moments of our parties until I learned to plan for them. Now, I always have a good book, a game of jackstones or some such sedentary occupation at hand and ready to start. Many a model group has gone to pieces in these last few minutes unless the children have been amused. It is such a temptation to let them drift along until their mothers call for them, but I have never done it without rueing the day. It is the last effort in what has seemed a long afternoon, but it is an effort well worth making in order to maintain peace and serenity.

The kind of party described sounds simple; it is, and should be simple as far as the children are concerned. It is not, however, easy to achieve because it requires a certain amount of imagination, planning and tact. It is far easier to hire a show of some kind and let the entertainers worry about amusing the younger guests; but it is more costly and less satisfactory than the more personal effort. After all, to be a success, a party must spell happiness and enjoyment for all the children participating. It does not matter how few or how many the children but they should be congenial. If they are allowed to pursue the normal activities to which they are accustomed, with a little novelty thrown in here and there they will enjoy themselves.

MONTREAL, MAY 31, 1940.

A TRUMPET CALL

~~announcement was given after our last week's Messenger went to press. All nations of the Empire are joining in this Day of Prayer. The announcement from our own Government reads as follows:~~

~~In view of the present grave situation, the Government is convinced that there will be a general desire on the part of the Canadian people of all religious beliefs to join with the people of the United Kingdom in simultaneous observance of a day of national prayer on behalf of the common cause.~~

~~Days of prayer and penitence in national crises are as old as history. To be of any value at all they must be more than a mere form. "Rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God." (Joel 2:13)~~

~~While a day of prayer round the world mobilizes and focusses the faith of men; the faith must be lived out day by day.~~

Montreal, May 31, 1940.

Page Fifteen

But if this war is a Crusade we must wage it as Soldiers of the Cross. For one thing, that means that we must cast out all hate. We wrestle against something else besides flesh and blood. We wrestle against an "evil spirit." We can only overcome it through ourselves being led and taught by the Spirit of God. To be victorious in the war we must first of all be victors over ourselves.

Mr. Chamberlain has said that the war "will be won by spiritual forces just as much as by any material weapons." Mr. Churchill in his great broadcast quoted from the Apocrypha the words of Judas Maccabeus to his little army, words written centuries ago "to be a call and a spur to the faithful servants of truth and justice."

"Arm yourselves and be ye men of valor, and be in readiness for the conflict, for it is better for us to perish than to look upon the outrage of our nation and its altars. As the will of God is in heaven, even so let Him do."

If we pray in this spirit, and live in this spirit, and fight in this spirit, the terrible tempest of war must be transformed into a means of grace and of hope for a new world.

FIGHTING WITH OUR DOLLARS

THE greatest crisis that ever faced the world is upon us. The forces of arrogant evil are mobilized, focussed and inflamed to act desperately and on a scale never known before.

Every ounce of apathy, inertia, balkiness or faithlessness on our side is a pound of advantage to the enemy. Fortunately every ounce of consecrated faith and action on our side is a pound of disadvantage to the foe.

Knowledge of these facts should be enough to compel each one, young or old, man or woman, rich or poor, to do whatever he or she can, and at once, to aid the forces of rightness.

* * *

We commend purchase of the War Savings Certificates issued by our Canadian Government, both as a good investment and as a patriotic duty.

Means are being taken by the Minister of Finance, by "savings stamps" and otherwise, to put these Certificates within the reach of everyone.

As to their investment value they have the strength of Canada behind them and our Government has never failed to meet its obligations. War Certificates were issued during the War of 1914—18. They were called "Victory Bonds." Many people who suffered in the post-war slump were very thankful that they had bought a bond or two. They not only got their principal back but added to it was substantial interest, and they "cashed in" at a time of personal need.

But it is the patriotic value of the Certificate scheme that we would emphasize. Our Empire and our nation are fighting for their very lives,—not only that, but they are fighting for all we hold dear, religion, liberty, democracy, peace. War is a most costly thing. Men are giving their lives for the cause. We can help win the war with our savings.

In this war effort children can help too, by saving their pennies till they can buy a stamp, as often as possible. They may help their families to buy a Bond and thus be helping to protect the life of a soldier and even to protect their own homes.

Remember how eagerly we followed each day's account of the journey of our King and Queen through Canada only a year ago—perhaps we saved up pennies to go to see them then. Would we save now to help protect them as well as ourselves from danger? There is only one answer.

SUPPLICATION

*Lord of our life and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.*

*Grant us Thy help till foes are backward
driven,
Grant them Thy truth that they may be
forgiven,
Grant peace on earth and after we have
striven,
Peace in Thy Heaven.*

—ay.

SECRET SERVICE

(Continued from Page 5.)

Troy was in flames, her men slain; but it wanted more than the valor of Hector, the might of Achilles, or the brute force of Ajax to bring the war to an end. It required thought and foresight and craft as well as valor, strength and skill.

The real hero of the Trojan war was Odysseus, the thinker, who in the sack of the city stormed the house of Deiphobus, who had taken Helen to wife after the death of Paris, and restored the Spartan princess to her rightful lord.

Odysseus, the wise and cunning of wit, "the man of many devices."

STAMPS AND WAR

THIS month we celebrate the centenary of the first adhesive stamp, or "Penny Black" as the first stamps were called. A commemorative exhibition was to have been held in London under the patronage of the King, but the war has caused this to be cancelled.

Philately has not escaped repercussions of the war. For example, Costa Rica, prepared a commemorative issue of stamps to celebrate the Child Welfare Congress which was to have been held in San Jose this autumn. As the war meant the cancellation of the congress, the new stamps have considerable historic value. A notable stamp event this year was the issue by the United States of a stamp commemorating the 400th anniversary of American printing.

APATHY

A MOUNTAIN in Switzerland literally fell over and buried a whole village under 30,000,000 cubic feet of stone.

The inhabitants of the village were miners, and they dug and blasted away the very foundations of the mountain, in their pursuit of ore. They had many warnings, the rock cracked in several places overhead, the cracks becoming gradually more and more gaping.

After the first sensation had passed, the people became so used to seeing the cracks, that they at last took no more notice, and a very great cracking was needed to drive them out of the mines for a few moments.

It never occurred to them that the mountain would fall over on them. One day the warning prophecies were fulfilled, and all were buried under the mighty rock — a tombstone over them and their folly.—Sel.

Many an argument is sound—merely sound.—Sel.

On Sale Now!

WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

A direct obligation of the Dominion of Canada

"Since the momentous day of thousands of Canadians
'What can I do to help win the war?"

"One answer is, 'By saving a child in the Dominion can make a continuing contribution to Canada not only his dollars, but also his quarters to buy Canada's War Savings Certificates.'"

W. A. R. Johnston
MINISTER OF FINANCE.

WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES: are repayable in seven and one-half years. If you hold them to maturity, you will receive 3% on your money — your investment will increase by 25%. They are sold as follows:—

For a	\$5	certificate you pay	\$4
For a	\$10	certificate you pay	\$8
For a	\$25	certificate you pay	\$20
For a	\$50	certificate you pay	\$40
For a	\$100	certificate you pay	\$80

TO FIT ANY BUDGET: You can take advantage of this patriotic and profitable savings plan, whether your savings are measured in dollars or in occasional nickels, dimes and quarters. Canada's War Savings Certificates are expressly designed to appeal to the man or woman of modest means who cannot afford to subscribe to war bonds of larger denominations, but who desires to do something tangible to assist the Country's war effort.

CHILDREN TOO: Even children can purchase War Savings Certificates, using their coppers, nickels and dimes to buy War Savings Stamps at 25c each. Sixteen of these stamps will buy one \$5. Certificate.

DEVELOP THE SAVING HABIT: You can purchase as many War Savings Certificates as you like, up to \$500 maturity value in any calendar year. Buy them when you wish — buy them often. Remember, systematic saving is successful saving — and your Country needs your money.

REGISTRATION: Each War Savings Certificate is registered in one name only, and is not transferable.

REDEMPTION: War Savings Certificates are redeemable by the Government at any time. The owner, however, has the option of keeping his certificates for a longer period. In urgent cases, advance notice is required.

*You too can SERVE
by SAVING!*

Get your War Savings Certificates or Stamp Card today. Your employer will gladly arrange to make weekly deductions from your wages to buy War Savings Certificates.

Complete information

BANKS, POST OFFICES